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LOS ANGELES

THE

ROYAL LEGEND.

A TALE.

Quorum animus meminisse horret luctuque refugit.

VIRG. ÆN.

At which my memory with grief recoils.

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1808.

MOTTO.

Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart when I do
shape,
In forms imaginary, th' unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon,
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For, when his headstrong riot hath no curb;
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors;
When means and lavish manners meet to-
gether;

Oh, with what wings shall his affection fly
Tow'rd fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

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And now a time is come to mock at form:---
Henry the Fifth is crowned. Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! All you sage counsellors,
hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness:
For the fifth Harry from curb'd Licence
plucks
The muzzle of restraint; and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.....
O my poor kingdom! sick with civil blows:
When that my care could not withhold thy
riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
Oh, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

SHAKSPEARE, KING HENRY IV.

PREFACE.

MANKIND being of the same make and complexion in all ages, the history of them gives us a true and clear knowledge of ourselves; for it surprises and entertains the mind with a variety of events, in which we see the rewards of virtue or punishments of vice.

We may read our own follies in the miscarriages of others who have lived before us; and grow wiser and better at the expense of their errors and misfortunes.

It teaches us by example, more powerful than precept; gives faithful counsel, in which interest has no part; and reproves without passion.

From an enquiry into the antiquities of nations, the ingenious may form systems of history on probabilities, and a few facts; but at a great

distance of time their accounts must be vague and uncertain, as the actions of former times are either left in obscurity, or magnified by uncertain traditions.

The compilers have endeavoured to apologise, in the Introduction, for the many defects which have unavoidably occurred in these pages: the difficulties they had to struggle with, in collecting their contents from a worm-eaten manuscript, were many and great; and they sincerely

hope, the pleasure of the reader may equal their pains and trouble.

No doubt these pages will be severely handled by the critics; for, as Swift says, their eyes are too often like microscopes, made so very fine and nice, that they discover the grains, atoms, and minutest particles, without even comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony; but would they be as careful to point out the pas-

sages deserving of attention, as well as those in which the author may have been mistaken, their efforts would be commendable, they would be of real use and service to mankind, and the name of critic would be honourable; but, as a late eminent divine observed, they rather examine a work as a roguish lawyer would a will or settlement, only to pick out the flaws and blemishes!

INTRODUCTION.

FOUR centuries have rolled away the remembrance of the youthful memoirs of the son of Henry the Fourth. But an ancient legend, which, not long since, was found in a stone coffin beneath the ruins of Barham Abbey, has transmitted to posterity the events recorded in the following pages.

From the crosier, rudely sculptured on the lid of the coffin, the frail

tenant was in all likelihood the superior of that religious pile, which is said to have been of such vast extent as to have covered thirteen acres of land.

It is not unlikely that the abbot, whose name is unknown, finding the legend contained the private history of the prince, and some of his secret transactions, conceived them improper to be divulged, as he probably might, at that time, be the sovereign of England*; and, therefore, determined that the knowledge of them should perish with him.

* Henry the Fifth.

Fate, however, ordered it otherwise; and, though his remains had long since returned to their original nothing, the parchments which contained the legend had not entirely perished ere they were rescued from oblivion.

In many of the pages of the manuscript, where, owing to its decayed state, we could not follow the author, or his obsolete words rendered his meaning obscure, we have endeavoured to supply the deficiency as well as we were able; and have also substituted language more suitable to modern readers.

Perhaps, by so doing, we have somewhat diminished the strength of expression and beauty of the original; for, in proportion as the age refines, language, from being replete with fervour and enthusiasm, descends to correctness and precision, the characters of men become more uniform and disguised, the human passions lie in some degree concealed behind forms and artificial manners, and the powers of the soul gradually lose their vigor.

In the infancy of mankind, their chief entertainment were the beauties

of Nature; dispersed amidst solitary rural scenes, their minds were elevated to a degree of enthusiasm by her wonderful works: their passions had nothing to restrain them, the imagination had nothing to check it, and the strength of their feelings is expressed in their language.

But as the world advances, the understanding gaining ground on the imagination, the former becomes more exercised than the latter, and, in consequence, the style becomes more chaste, but less animated.

The progress of literature resem-

bles the progress of age in man: in our youth, the powers of the imagination are most vigorous, while those of the understanding ripen more slowly, and often attain not their maturity till the imagination begins to flag.

Every man's performance, to be rightly estimated, must be compared to the state of the age in which he lived. This manuscript was probably written about the time that Chaucer, the father of English poetry, flourished, which was two hundred years before Shakspeare. Faint, indeed,

at that early period, were the struggles to emerge from barbarity, since even in *Shakspeare*'s time it was not effected: the common people were involved in ignorance; literature was confined to the higher classes of society, and to be able to read and write were accomplishments highly valued for their rarity.

Monks, in that age, were the principal writers: their tales, many of which still exist, are full of romantic fictions, well agreeing with the superstitious taste of the times; and those minds, which feasted on

their luxurious wonders, could ill relish the insipidity of truth.

Perhaps to this cause, as much as to any other, may be assigned the concealment of the following pages; for the authors of those periods were under the necessity of looking around them for strange events, and fabulous transactions.

Many of our modern productions are of a nature which, in those times, would have been eagerly sought for, as abounding with all the extravagant, superstitious, and fabulous ideas that could be supposed to have been

generated by long seclusion in a cloister. We will, for instance, single out two, the names of which would have been a sufficient recommendation to ensure their being read with avidity, namely: "The Monk;" and a still later publication, "The Demon of Sicily."

The reader will hardly be able to conceive the difficulty of arranging, for modern perusal, an almost unintelligible manuscript, the production of an era so far distant, and, consequently, abounding with many words and expressions now unknown: we have had the temerity, however, to

attempt the gigantic task; but how we have effected it must be left to an indulgent public to determine. Many pages, which were entirely defaced, we have attempted to supply, and have also called in the aid of modern writers, in order to give strength to the author's ideas, as well as to embellish the work; which, though it descends, in some places, to the concise style of a novel, yet, in others, it abounds with the figurative expressions of romance.

All that can be said of this work is, that simplicity is studied in the compilation; and as the compilers

claim no merit from their version, they hope for the indulgence of the public, where it fails.

THEY HOPE ALSO THAT THE IMPERFECT SEMBLANCE THEY HAVE DRAWN MAY NOT PREJUDICE THE WORLD AGAINST THE ORIGINAL, WHICH, COULD IT BE WHOLLY COLLECTED, AND RECOVERED FROM THE INJURIES IT HAS SUSTAINED, DOUBTLESS CONTAINS WHAT IS BEAUTIFUL IN SIMPLICITY, AND GRAND IN THE SUBLIME!

THE

ROYAL LEGEND.

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The moon faintly gleamed through the stormy vapours of night.—The distant winds roared amongst the forests:—gloomy and

dark was all around.—The prince sat alone in his chamber, anxiously listening to the tolling hours which brought on the meridian of sleep's sojourn.

At length the hollow blasts of wind bore through the halls and vaulted passages of the palace the lengthening echoes of the sonorous midnight bell.

" Propitious be this hour!" said the prince, starting from his seat: " Perdita now awaits me with fond expectation: — she whose beauties charm my soul; — she who first taught my youthful heart to palpi-

tate with the tender emotions of love."

Thus saying, he took his sword; and leaving his chamber by a private portal, which communicated by a circular staircase with the courts below, strode with caution along the vaulted passages, which echoed to his steps, and the hoarse voices of the sentinels, who roughly challenged the nocturnal wanderer.

PART THE THIRD.

The youth of the prince had hitherto prevented his becoming an object either for the pen of the venalist or the lash of satire; but now, as his years fast verged to manhood, the propensities of his soul began to expand, and its beauties and defects became visible to the world.

Henry prince of Wales was a man whom Nature seemed to have

exhausted herself in endeavouring to render a prototype of human excellence. Blessed with the utmost elegance of external appearance, the prince added those accomplishments which render the impression irresistible.—Polite, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and writing with equal ease and dignity (a rare quality in those unlettered times); he danced, walked, and rode, with equal grace: his taste for music was great, and he both sung and played with uncommon skill.—

" - - - - - - - When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still;

And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honied sentences.
So that the act and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theorique:
Which is a wonder how his grace should
glean it,
Since his addition was to courses vain,
His hours filled up with riots, banquets,
sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration,
From open haunts, and popularity."

He possessed, in an eminent degree, the talent of attracting his friends by his affability, and of gaining his enemies by his address and clemency.

Like a good Christian, he ex-

tended his charity to all sects; and, though incompatible with the policy of those times, favoured the Protestants equally with the Catholics: his mind, not heated with the furor of religion, appeared uniformly actuated by a true tenderness of conscience.

These extraordinary qualities, set off with his sweetness and affability, made him much beloved. He was counted the wonder of his time; being not only learned in the tongues and liberal sciences, but possessed of every accomplishment which constitutes the agreeable companion: in a word, he was the most finished gen-

tleman of the age in which he lived.

Every one dwelt with pleasure on the excellences of this young prince, whom the flattering promises of hope, joined to his real virtues, and particularly the forbearance and prudence with which he conducted himself during the dangerous disturbances which reigned at one period about the crown, had made him an object of the most tender affections of the public.

But we cannot be so far dazzled with his great qualities, as to over-

look the defects of his private character. Too many of his hours witnessed scenes of incontinence and excess; his passions made him, at times, surmount all bounds of moderation and prudence. And he also suffered himself to be guided by counsellors who were not only inferior to himself in knowledge and judgment, but generally proud, partial, inflexible, full of party-spirit and self-interested motives.

Associating with the dissipated characters of the age, he at times adopted their manners; but in his

hours of solitude and reflection, he repented of so doing;—and frequently to the prince did those hours occur.

He took little care respecting his debts; never considering that a prince who breaks his faith, and loses his credit, has thrown off that which he never can recover, and made himself liable to perpetual mistrust. He, however, never passed unnoticed the petitions which were given him by the poor and oppressed; and his unbounded liberality and benevolence rendered him the less able to do justice to his creditors.

He was sudden and violent in all his attachments, because his heart was warm and unsuspicious. Impatient of the smallest contradiction, because he had been accustomed from his infancy to be treated as a prince, he was no stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation—which is reckoned by perfidious men among the necessary arts of government—and by no means insensible to flattery.

In a word, he was rather an agreeable man, that an illustrious prince; rather formed with the qualities by

which mankind are misled, than with the talents which cause admiration. The vivacity of his spirit was not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment; and the warmth of his heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed him both into errors and crimes, for which the manners of that remote age, licentious as they were, are no apology.

Such, and so full of contradictions, was the character of the prince: in some things, he elevated himself beyond mankind; while, in others,

he sunk to a level with the most worthless parts of society.

It was said of him, that no woman ever beheld his person without admiration; and we think that few will hear of his indiscretions without sorrow.

Perhaps it will not be amiss here to quote the character which the immortal Shakspeare his given of him:

"He is gracious, if he be observed;
He hath a turn for pity, and a hand
Open as day, for melting charity.
Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's
flint;

As humorous as winter; and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day:
His temper, therefore, must be well observed."

PART THE FOURTH.

In the west of England are still to be seen the mouldering remains of the Priory of St. Augustine; once a pile far-famed for the sanctity of its members, but now, like its former possessors, daily mingling with the dust.

The ruins covered a large tract of land; and many of the dark cloisters, where formerly paced the

slow steps of the heaven-contemplating monk, were now become the abodes of the feathered creation.

In a mouldering tower, which yet was capable of affording a shelter from the angry blasts of the midnight storm, resided a peasant, and his family, consisting of two sons and a daughter.

The youthful Perdita, which was the name of the female, gave early proofs of a sensibility of disposition very uncommon at her tender years: the gloomy ruins of the cloisters were her constant haunt during the day; and in their solitudes her mind

received those intellectual rays which beamed so brightly in her more advanced years. Unseen would she often wander amongst the ruins of the chapel, pausing with veneration on beholding the dilapidated monuments of beings of far-distant years.

The Gothic casement over the altar still remained, whose tinted panes mellowed the beams of the morning, and cast on the mouldering ruins a dim religious lumen, which was in solemn unison with the reflections they never failed to excite in the youthful bosom of Perdita.

Far from being of a timorous,

superstitious turn of mind, Perdita would sometimes, when Night had commenced her silent reign, and the still scenery around was brightened by the silver tints of the rolling orb of night, leave her humble abode, and, wandering amidst the ruins of the priory, give way to the romantic effusions of her youthful bosom.

Happy were those hours; blissful rolled on the fleeting moments; her heart was free from care. She looked not beyond the precincts of her habitation for happiness; she found it in her own bosom;—her conscience was unreproaching. Ignorant of

the ways of mankind, she formed an idea of them from what they ought to be, not from what they were.

She thought of every one by herself. Little, indeed, could it ever have entered her bosom, that the human species, more savage than the wild inhabitants of the forest, prey on their own kind—glory in their destruction; and that reason, which should have taught them far otherwise, was only made use of to assist them in devising and effecting their dark plans!

She imagined that human beings,

full of gratitude for the many blessings they hourly receive from their great Creator, would seek every moment to render themselves worthy of them. Such were her ideas; nor did she wake from so fatal a dream till it was too late—till her eyes were opened to the deceit and depravity of mankind, and herself became vitiated by her acquaintance with the world.

Scarcely had Perdita reached her sixteenth summer, when one of the retainers of Sir William Gascoigne saw and became enamoured of her. By the arts of foul hypocrisy and

dissimulation, he gained the consent of her mother, her father being in another country; and, unable to resist their joint entreaties, Perdita was soon after united to him, and went with him to London, where the king then kept his court.

She had not been long married ere the veil of hypocrisy was removed, and the unfortunate Perdita found that her husband had in every respect deceived her—found herself on the brink of poverty, and all its attendant evils ready to overwhelm her.

Perdita was handsome; she had

those winning manners which captivated every one. The glances of her sparkling dark eyes were resistless; her form was truly elegant, and faultless. The pensive melancholy which had marked her character, was diffused over her countenance, and occasioned a far deeper interest than that which might have been awakened by the joyous features of youth. Her lovely hair was a dark brown, and sported in natural ringlets over her forehead and neck.

Such was Perdita, when first beheld by the prince, whose years did not greatly exceed hers. It was

the morning of his existence, when the soul first made her entrance into the world: to him, then, all nature looked fresh and gay, every novelty surprised, and every little glitter or gaudy colour then transported him.

Such is the state of youth.—But, by degrees, the senses grow callous, and they lose that exquisite relish of trifles by the time their minds should be supposed ripe for rational enjoyment. But too often, alas! with riper years, the innocent diversions which exalted the spirits, and produced health of body, indolence of mind, and refreshing slumbers, are

exchanged for criminal delights, which fill the soul with anguish and the body with disease.

Too fatally do these pages afford an instance of that depravity of the mind; for, from the moment that the prince beheld the lovely Perdita, from that moment did he, in imagination, trample on the laws of honour and of virtue, mark her for his prey, and fix on her, though a wife and a mother, as the object of sating his dawning unruly passions.

Unhappily for princes, they have always in their train those who, from interested motives, are ever ready to

become their agents in any transaction, however iniquitous, however base: they are like the weeds which grow near a valuable plant, and, by their pernicious effects, destroy it.

Waldon, Bardolph, and Lupo, were Henry's favourite companions; —men whose interest made them sedulous to please him, and whose callous dispositions rendered their so doing a circumstance of little hurt to their consciences.

Waldon was descended from a good family, and had great expectations: his income, however, at that

time, was barely sufficient to support himself: he was young, pleasing, and perfectly accomplished; but his abilities, which were fitted to adorn the world, were all sacrificed at the shrine of venality, of which it is our fate to record to the world a most flagrant instance.

Bardolph was the son of an Irish peasant, and not, as was generally thought at that time, an illegitimate offspring of Lord Bardolph, one of the conspirators against Henry the Fourth. At the time of his acquaintance with the prince, he pro-

cured a subsistence by keeping a set of morality men*, with whom he went about the country. His figure was short and fat, and his features none of the most lovely; and, if the reader will recollect what the immortal Shakspeare has called him, viz. "an arrant malmsey-nosed knave," he will, perhaps, be able to form some idea of his personal accomplishments.

This man was famous for that kind of persuasive oratory which glosses over the worst of crimes: he was a most dangerous companion for

* Players were then so called.

the prince; for, dissolute and abandoned himself, he sought to make him so, and too fatally succeeded in his foul wishes.

Lupo was the youngest son of an English baron, extravagant and dissipated in the highest degree, given to all manner of bad courses, among which gaming was the most prevalent: like Bardoph, he had a great share of elocution; and though there were many good traits in his character, yet he seemed more inclined to give good advice than to take it; but he counselled the prince as his own interest dictated, and in-

troduced him, at an early age, to the haunts of gamblers.

To him, therefore, may be ascribed the many shameful artifices of the prince to procure money, in order to pay the debts of honour which he daily contracted, while his tradespeople were ruined by their blind confidence.

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[*Here many pages of the original manuscript are totally unintelligible.*] * *

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Thus surrounded by artful sycophants, who wound themselves into

his confidence, the prince unfortunately was guided by them; and in process of time forgot, that

"Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens Virtue when it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with."

PART THE FIFTH.

GUIDED by the vicious inclinations of his bosom, the youthful prince consulted with Waldon about the best mode of acquainting Perdita with the interest which her charms had excited.

One would have imagined that, if the prince had so entirely forgotten every principle of honour and virtue, Waldon, who, unbiassed by passion,

could think and be somewhat under the empire of reason, would not have acquiesced in his wishes of being his agent in such a base affair; but, sorry we are to say, that, blinded by venal motives, he undertook it, and accordingly sought a private interview with the lovely Perdita.

To the astonished fair he then disclosed the passion of the prince, and used his utmost powers of persuasion to induce her to break through the solemn covenant of fidelity which she had made with her husband.

Waldon parted from her, how-

ever, without having much reason to congratulate himself on his success; for, whether it was the result of female artifice or not, Perdita, at the first interview, did not give him the least encouragement.

She was, indeed, lost in astonishment at the disclosure; and, although she did not shew it, yet her young heart palpitated with a secret sensation of pleasure, not unmixed with vanity, at having captivated one who already began to be an object of interest in the female world.

Waldon, when he left Perdita,

had given her a packet from the prince, which she now opened, and perused the following lines:

" Lovely Perdita,

" From the moment I first " beheld the fascinating graces of " your person, my heart, till then " unconquered, became your slave. " Busy recollection each moment " brings your beauties to my mental " view, and increases the flame which, " without your kindness, must con- " sume me.

" My hand, trembling with my

" fears, lest this confession should be
" treated by you with disdain, can
" scarcely guide my pen.—Oh, re-
" flect, ere you drive me to despair,
" that on you depends the existence
" of your

" HENRY."

Perdita was pleased with its contents: she, who was a wife and a mother, rejoiced in secret at the passion she had created in the prince's bosom. Such a circumstance, in ages to come, will probably, as the light of reason irradiates the bosoms

of mankind, be looked on with incredulity.

But, alas! in these days of degeneracy and dissipation;—when Vice stalks triumphant; when Treason, unblushing, shews its face; when a king arrives at the throne by murder, as too clearly instanced in the case of the Earl of Hereford, who employed assassins to remove the unfortunate Richard from the world, when confined in Pomfret castle;—what act will astonish us!

But, to proceed.—Perdita, confident of having the prince securely in

her chains, was too wary not to improve the opportunity of aggrandisement which presented itself to her; and in this she evinced a subtlety far beyond her years: she accordingly affected to disbelieve his protestations, and treated his letter as the effect of a momentary gallantry.

Both endeavoured to deceive each other; for the prince vowed eternal constancy and unalterable affection for Perdita, while the words of his mouth were hollow and far different from the sentiments of his bosom; while, from venal motives only, she was resolved to listen to his suit.

Confident that difficulty in attaining his end would increase the prince's passion, Perdita continued to throw many obstacles in his way: she, indeed, consented to his earnest request, to be present at a tournament; but her reason for so doing was in the hope that, by the display of her charms, heightened with the aid of dress, she would infix deeper in his bosom the shaft of love.

By the ready agency of Waldon, Perdita received many letters from the prince; all of them teeming with expressions of his love, and earnestly entreating an interview: but this re-

quest she constantly refused;—not that she feared the *consequences;* but she was not so young or so uninformed as to be ignorant, that 'Possession is the tomb of love;' and she likewise determined to keep retired till she had succeeded in her mercenary views.

Meanwhile, the impatience of the prince increased: unaccustomed to have any restraint on his wishes, and fired with the unruly longings of his bosom, he fell into the snare that was laid for him, and bound himself to pay to the cautious Perdita, on his attaining the years of

maturity, the sum of twenty thousand marks:—a price sufficient for the ransom of a king!

Perdita, however, on receipt of this instance of the munificence of her royal lover, affected, before Waldon, to be enveloped in the greatest astonishment; and, as if she were a destined victim, seemed to endure the most agonising conflicts: her obedient tears fast poured on the prince's letter, and her bosom was apparently tortured by her love and gratitude struggling with the duty she owed her husband.

Whether or not the prince ever

intended to fulfil the engagement he had thus voluntarily entered into, to pay so large a sum to Perdita, is unknown; if, indeed, we look at the more recent events of his life, we may have some reason to conclude he did not: however, let that be left for more accurate observers to determine.

Princes are not like other men; for in these days they seem to trample on the rules of justice and honour, and instead of becoming obedient to the laws, they make them subservient to their own purposes:—a most flagrant instance of this will here-

after appear in the conduct of the prince.

At length, when Perdita found that she could no longer, without the most flagrant ingratitude, resist the increasing importunities of the prince, she, though not without the greatest apparent reluctance, consented to see him, for a few moments, in a forest near Windsor-castle; stipulating, however, that the greatest secrecy should be observed, and that they should be accompanied by chosen attendants.

The lands on which that castle is erected, formerly belonged to the

abbot of Westminster Abbey, to whom they were given by Edward the Confessor. He was, however, induced by William the Conqueror to exchange it for a larger grant of some adjacent territories; for that king, charmed with the convenience of the place for hunting, first built the castle, and had several lodges in the forest. Henry the First fortified it; and in the reign of Richard the First it was, excepting the Tower of London, the strongest castle in the kingdom.

It was in this castle that Queen

Eleanor gave birth to King Edward the Third; who was, from that circumstance, sirnamed Edward of Windsor. He took such a liking to it, that for nine years he constantly employed artificers to enlarge and beautify it: and it was there, that he held, at one time, the kings of France and Scotland in captivity.

The prospect from the castle is beautifully romantic. Beneath is seen the Thames, rolling its silver waves through a lovely vale abounding with large towns and small villages: the northern prospect, at length,

terminated by the castle which William the Conqueror erected at Oxford. On another side, to the east, are seen the distant spires of London: and to the west, an extensive forest.

This castle was, during the summer months, the residence of the young prince; his three brothers, viz. John of Lancaster, Humphrey of Gloucester, and Thomas of Clarence; and also his two sisters, the princesses Blanche and Phillippa.

The time now fast approached when Perdita, arrayed in the secret garb of dissimulation, and blushing

with all the affected perturbation of modesty, was conducted by the ready Waldon to the place of assignation.

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There was a time, but many years have rolled it far away, when the hearts of mankind were pure; when, acquainted only with the language of

Nature, they knew not the art of concealing their base intents beneath the smile of honest sincerity! *

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PART THE SIXTH.

The moon brightly gleamed on the reflective bosom of the Thames, and a gentle breeze sighed over its indented surface. The towers of Windsor increased to the view of Perdita: and the tolling of its bell announced the hour appointed for her first interview with the prince.

With a heart throbbing with anticipations of splendour—not with love

—and with a bosom full of hopes of self-aggrandizement and interested views, Perdita, assisted by Waldon, stepped from the boat on the shore beneath the castle, where the prince awaited her, accompanied by his brother John of Lancaster.

He took her hand with a trembling pressure, and uttered a few words which were almost inarticulate: for though the prince had no other idea than to satiate the unruly longings of his bosom, excited by the beauties of Perdita, yet those principles of virtue which were inherent in his breast told him he was acting a part unwor-

thy of a man, and still more reprehensible in a prince ;—told him that religion, that honour, forbad the unhallowed deed he meditated, for the object was the property of another.

He hastily endeavoured, however, to banish from his bosom those scruples which his good sense had excited ; and in this he was powerfully assisted by the charms of Perdita. He addressed her in the soft persuasive language of love ; told her how greatly he was indebted to her for her kindness in meeting him ; and was proceeding in his delusive converse, when he was suddenly interrupted by

the sounds of hasty footsteps, that seemed approaching the avenue where he was.

The prince started, for at that time he was anxious to ingratiate himself in the affections of the people. Policy instructed him in this step; for he well knew by what a crooked path his father (Henry the Fourth) had reached the throne: and should he be known to give such early proofs of his vicious and depraved inclinations, it might tend to deprive him of the alluring glories of a crown, which awaited him at the decease of his parent.

Happy, indeed, would it have been, had those fears always attended him; but, alas! in process of time, he grew callous to them—callous to the stings of conscience, and sensible only to the indulgence of his wayward fancies, which were as changeable and uncertain as the winds.

He now hastily conducted Perdita to the boat, where Waldon was waiting; and entreating her to grant him an early interview, to which she acquiesced, he bade her adieu; and, joining his royal brother, returned to the castle.

Many and frequent were the in-

terviews which afterwards took place; and often did the moon, in her meridian altitude, illumine their path.

As yet, however, Perdita had resisted the pressing importunities of the prince to reward his passion; for as interest, not love, was the sole guide of her actions, like an experienced veteran, she kept him in a state of inquietude, full of anxious doubts and fears, till she had enriched herself by his princely presents.

But it was only in such a heart as Perdita's, that the accomplished prince could fail of exciting the most powerful sensations of love: his po-

lished manners, his attentive kindnesses, would have gained any heart but that swayed by sordid interest. The graces of his person, the irresistable sweetness of his smile, the tender tones of his melodious yet manly voice, will be long remembered, when these imperfect records and the hand that traced them are no more.

Besides the castle at Windsor, the kings of England had a royal residence at Shene, where Edward the Third died of grief for the loss of his heroic son, the Black Prince. Near this palace lived a peasant, who being bribed to secresy, his hut

was selected as the place for Perdita to meet her royal lover.

At the close of Part the Second of this manuscript, the pen has feebly described the impatience of the prince, who, in the palace, was waiting the appointed hour, when Perdita, no longer deaf to his entreaties, was to reward his youthful attachment.

Having left the vaulted passages of the vast edifice, the prince crossed a court-yard, and, passing through a gateway, entered on the path which led to the hut. A light placed at the casement directed his hasty

steps: and the prince having knocked at the door, the peasant opened it; and he ascended a small flight of stairs, which led to the chamber where Perdita was awaiting his arrival.

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[*Here many pages were totally destroyed.*]

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Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body: these two languages often

contradict each other. The former is the true guide of man: it is to the soul, what instinct is to the body; and will doubtless, at one time or other, make itself be heard. * *

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For some time the prince, in the delirium caused by the possession of the lovely Perdita, was deaf to the internal monitor; but at length, as his wily mistress had prognosticated, he awoke from the lethargy which had entranced his faculties.

The invidious voice of slander and calumny breathed frequent around the prince the infidelity of

Perdita. Aroused from the stupor caused by the intoxicating delights of love, he gave an attentive ear to those reports, and, in a note which he sent to her, briefly told her they would meet no more; disdaining, as it appeared, to make her acquainted with his motives, and leaving it to her own conscience to assign a reason for his conduct.

There was perhaps another motive for the separation; the prince was on the eve of becoming of age, and consequently of receiving an establishment suitable to his rank; and he, in all likelihood, wished the

people to see that he did not mean to support an extravagant female at their expense.

Perdita, though she well knew the cause, yet affected the greatest surprise at the prince's conduct: she even thought fit to accuse him of infidelity; but not, however, till she had tried all her arts to recall him to her arms.

At length, finding that her efforts were of no avail, and that the prince, in spite of her entreaties, and her lamentations for the loss of his affections, persisted in his determination not to see her; and that the

people of England, who saw that her actions were all guided by selfish interest, treated her with the contempt she deserved; she determined to leave the country, and to reside in another on the spoils she had gained from the prince.

Still, however, hoping to recall his affections, previously to her going, she sent him the following letter:

"*To the Prince of Wales.*"

"The delusion is at an end;—
"thou art no more the friend of my
"heart, that has so long charmed
"my senses; and I am doomed

" to find that friendship is but
" a mere phantom—the flame of a
" vapourish air-born vision; and yet
" so long have I cherished the dear
" deceit, which has chased every
" pain, and soothed to rest the tur-
" bulent sorrows of my bosom, that
" the unwelcome truth too fatally
" recalls, with increasing grief, the
" keen agonising pangs which darken
" my future hours, and rob my
" heart of every gleam of joy.

" Farewell, my native shore! no
" longer has it charms for me: soli-
" tary and sad, without a guide to

" my wandering feet, shall I depart.
" Often shall I seek to solace my
" woes by viewing the varied scenery
" of Nature—the fading of the di-
" stant landscape as the sun sinks to
" other worlds—the pale moon's lucid
" stream quivering on the bosom of
" the waves: and while Philomela, in
" sad and plaintive strains, laments
" the absence of her beloved mate,
" then will sympathy induce me to
" mingle my griefs with hers.

" Wherever I go — whether to
" those inhospitable regions, where
" nought is heard but the pitiless

" peltings of the storm; where Mid-
" night wraps half the year in her
" murky gloom; or where the sun's
" ardent beams parch up the earth:
" whether in the tranquil scenes of
" life, or enduring the horrors of the
" stormy ocean—thy dear remem-
" brance shall remain unhurt: fond
" memory shall unceasingly renew
" thy loved form; each passing gale,
" each momentary changing flower,
" each season as it rolls away, will
" be to me an emblem of thy waver-
" ing love; and the tempestuous
" waves of the raging deep, will re-

" mind me of the wild impetuosity
" of thy passions.

" I now consider myself as torn
" from my country, and my friends:
" the world lies before me. My me-
" lancholy song shall be borne on
" Italia's gales. Never more will I
" cast one thought on relentless foes,
" and unkind friends; their poisoned
" shafts have pierced my heart; and
" the anguish is mingled with the
" vital warmth that bids my throb-
" bing pulses beat: but soon shall
" they cease;—my day, my hours,
" are numbered;--the rose has

" ceased in my cheeks, and soon
" will oblivion hush all my sorrows.

" PERDITA."

It will be seen, by this letter, that Perdita did not want sense; she was, indeed, for those unlettered times, endowed with an uncommon portion of it. The prince, however, never thought it worth his while to reply to it: and Perdita, throwing off the mask, shortly after accepted the protection of Colonel Carleton, one of the king's officers.

Such was the termination of the

prince's amour with Perdita. Would it had been his last unlawful attachment! but his mind was vitiated by the company he kept. He was now his own master: no one to restrain him; but his false friends, rather endeavouring to urge him into every species of dissipation, than to dissuade him from it. Thus unhappily plunging into all manner of excesses, he daily contracted vicious habits and propensities.

Thus, too often does it happen, that the excesses of youth destroy their amiable dispositions; and those

abilities which were fitting for adorning the highest stations of life, become entombed in sensual pleasures.

Had the prince entertained one mistress, a people who loved him would have excused it: but he even so far lost himself, so far forgot his elevated rank, as to frequent the common stews, and consort with their foul inhabitants; being constantly attended in these dreadful visitations by his abandoned advisers, Bardolph and Lupo.

PART THE SEVENTH.

Such was the termination of the prince's first attachment;—if a sensual passion can admit of such a denomination. The people of England beheld with sorrow this early proof of a vicious disposition, regarding it as a melancholy presage that his future government would, in all likelihood, be more irregular than his present life; and were variously actu-

ated by hopes and fears, of his becoming a public blessing or a calamity.

Still, however, there were some who, observing the greatness of mind which often shewed itself through his worst actions, which, like the sun beaming through the stormy, dark, lowering clouds, illumined with its transient rays the earth; those persuaded themselves that he was born for great performances, and fostered the pleasing hopes that his reign would be just and moderate.

The prince was of a disposition truly generous and liberal; but

while his charities flowed like an abundant stream from the rich source of his benevolence, his justice slumbered, and the industrious creditor was frequently sent empty-handed from his doors, because the indigent petitioner had already drained his purse.

Thus, while his hand was humanely stretched forth to lead drooping Merit from the cell of obscurity; it was of necessity closed on the just claimant, because his feelings and taste had overcome his sense of equity.

And while the name of the prince

called a blush of pleasure on the haggard cheek of Misery, and awakened a beam of joy in the eye of neglected Genius, Justice sued in vain for that which Generosity lavished with indiscriminate profusion.

It is with sorrow we relate another instance of the prince's depravity, in tracing which the pen proceeds unwillingly. How much more readily would it detail a virtuous act! how would the hand that guides it, be actuated by the glow of pleasure and satisfaction, which would diffuse itself throughout the bosom of the writer!

Eliza Willington, one of Bardolph's profession, was a woman of the most vicious and depraved habits. Commencing her abandoned career at an age when she had scarcely attained maturity, she soon married; and it was evident to every one that she did it for convenience, as under that cloak she might indulge in all her licentious, sensual propensities, without restraint.

With this woman, strange as it may appear, did the prince become acquainted; he, whose mind was so greatly elevated, whose ideas soared far above the conceptions of human

beings, sunk at once from their towering height to a level with the grovelling propensities of the sensualist, becoming the willing victim of his worst senses.—

"Virtue never will be moved,
Though Lewdness court it in the shape of Heaven:
And Lust, though to a radiant angel joined,
Will sate itself on a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage."

Disgust, however, quickly succeeded his acquaintance with Eliza: his soul began to awaken, and rouse

itself within him; and he to look on his past actions with horror.

Such was the state of his mind, when a circumstance occurred, which, by shewing him the danger of giving way to intemperate passions, served to lead him back to the long forsaken paths of virtue; and to make him alter that mode of life, which had not only incurred the public aversion, but had also been the source of sorrow to his father, who could not behold unmoved the deeds of his son, who, surrounded by a crew of profligates, gave loose to all

kinds of debauchery, and daily committed acts of violence and outrage.

Such a fatal degeneracy was a source of extreme mortification to the king, who had once delighted in the early proofs the prince had given of his valour, conduct, and generosity; —virtues which he appeared to have for ever renounced; and, in consequence of which, the nation trembled at the prospect of his succeeding to the throne of England.

Nevertheless, even in the midst of these excesses, the nobleness of his heart seemed, every now and

then, to emerge from the torrent by which it was overwhelmed.

One of his dissolute companions, having been brought to trial for some misdemeanor, was condemned, notwithstanding all the interest he could make in his favour; and he became so greatly exasperated at the issue of the trial, that he struck the judge as he sat upon the bench.

The magistrate, whose name was Sir William Gascoigne, behaved with that dignity which became his office, and immediately ordered the prince to be committed to prison.

The sense of the glaring insult he had offered to the judge, instantly struck the prince with the greatest remorse; and, no longer upheld by his arbitrary passions, he suffered himself to be quietly conducted to gaol by the officers of justice.

The prince now became sensible of his errors; saw them in their foulest view; and determined to reform. His obedience to the law was reported to the king, who could not help exclaiming—

"Happy is the king who has a "magistrate endowed with courage "to execute the laws on such an

" offender; and still more happy in " having a son who will submit to " such a chastisement!"

The prince was soon liberated from his confinement: and he now began to meditate on a total reverse of conduct. He became anxious, not only to ingratiate himself in the good opinion of the people, but also in that of his father, who, naturally of a jealous disposition, lent a too ready ear to officious parasites; who insinuated that, at the time when, through a dreadful distemper that had seized him, he was become unable to hold the reins of government,

the prince had an evil design upon his crown and authority.

Such insinuations filled his breast with anxiety; and perhaps he might have proceeded to extremities, in order to ascertain his own security, had not all his suspicions been dispelled by the prudent step which the prince took, as soon as he was made acquainted with the jealousy of his father.

Overwhelmed with grief, he repaired to his royal parent; and, throwing himself on his knees, accosted him to this effect:—

"I understand, my liege, that

" you suspect me of harbouring
" designs against your crown and
" person. I have, indeed, been
" guilty of excesses, for which I
" have justly merited your displea-
" sure; but I take Heaven to wit-
" ness, that I never entertained a
" thought repugnant to the duty
" and veneration I owe your ma-
" jesty. Those who accuse me of
" such intentions, seek only to in-
" terrupt your repose, and alienate
" your affection from your son and
" successor. I am, therefore, come
" hither to beg you will enquire into
" my conduct; and if I be found

" guilty, I desire I may be punished " with the utmost rigour. This ex- " amination I demand, as well for " the satisfaction of your majesty, as " for the vindication of my own " character."

The king was so pleased with the frankness and magnanimity of this address, that he embraced him with great tenderness, declaring his suspicions were already effaced; and that he would never entertain a thought, for the future, to the prejudice of his loyalty and honour.

PART THE EIGHTH.

The prince now secluded himself from his dissolute companions, seeking the society of his better thoughts; while

> " Consideration, like an angel, came,
> And whipt the offending Adam out of him,
> Leaving his body as a Paradise,
> T' envelope and contain celestial spirits."

In regaining the long-forsaken paths of virtue, the prince trod the

sure road, not only to his own happiness, but also to the recovery of the affections of the people.

Never did the busy brain of a lean and hectic chemist search for the philosopher's stone with more pains and ardour, than this great man did after happiness. He was a deep enquirer into Nature; he had tried all her powers and capacities; and, after a thousand vain speculations and vile experiments, he at last became conscious that it lay hid in no one thing he had tried, and that, therefore, it must be in a life virtuously employed.

Bardolph, who had been ever foremost in his destruction, endeavoured to continue his acquaintance with him: but the season of delusion was past; and the prince beheld him with abhorrence, forbidding him ever to approach his presence again.—

"I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers:
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man;
So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.---
Make less thy body---Hence!---and more thy grace:

Leave gormandizing. Know, the grave
doth gape
For thee, thrice wider than for other
men.....
Reply not to me, with a foul-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For, Heaven doth know, so shall the
world perceive,
That I have turned away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have
been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou
wast---
The tutor and the feeder of my riots."---

SHAKSPEARE.

The prince now devoted himself to literary studies; and took a singular pleasure in perusing some

ancient manuscripts, which had been the laborious employ of the fathers of Westminster Abbey; one of which was as follows.—

THE LOVES

OF

ELIZA AND RODOLPH.

FAIRER than the fleecy garment shining on the bosom of the swan, was the lovely Eliza: her presence diffused joy in every bosom.—

Her eye outshone the lustre of the morning-star; and the roses blossomed on her downy cheek.—

The pearls of the East were rivalled by her teeth; and her auburn tresses luxuriantly shadowed her beauteous neck.—

Humility was the companion of her soul; and pride and conceit were banished from her bosom.

The sun rested not from his daily labour, without seeing her deeds of benevolence extended to thousands: she scattered her blessings around her, like the dew of night; and her hand distilled plenty, like the refreshing showers of rain.....

Gentle as the breeze which faintly bends the rustling reeds of

the lake; comely as the oak, which rears its leafy height above the forest:—

Beautiful as the summits of the mountains, when the rising sun illumines the eastern sky; and tall as the bark which wings its foamy way through the green waters of the deep:—was Rodolph the brave.....

When the earth was clad in the mists of night; when the silver Moon darted her mild rays through the branches of the spreading oak; when the winds slept in silence on the mountains, and nought was

heard but the gentle murmuring of the stream over its pebbly bed :—

Then did Rodolph indulge his lonely, musing, meditative soul; for Nature, in all her wonderous works, was to him an inexhaustible source of admiration.

One night, as he was straying by the side of a stream whose lucid waves were the boundary of a garden, the melody of a female voice was borne to his ears by the attendant echoes.

He started; and, looking around, beheld a light glimmering on the

water, which proceeded from a distant arbour: hastily he approached it; and within, chaunting a hymn to the Virgin, he beheld the lovely Eliza!

Amazement rendered him speechless: the brilliancy of her charms confounded his sight; his senses were lost in admiration, and he gazed away his heart.

Like as the stars fade before the morning sun, so was quiet banished his bosom. Like as the cruel hand of Time destroys the beauty of youth, so her image destroyed the serenity of his mind: repose forsook

his couch, and his bed became as a bed of thorns.

Often, when the Moon rolled brightly in her meridian lustre, were his steps directed to the arbour: often, when the sun's fierce beams parched the earth, did Rodolph, concealed by the shadowy hawthorn, view the place where Eliza prayed.

The fire of love preyed on the vitals of Rodolph: he dared not tell his love—he dared not disclose his psssion for the object of his admiration; for noble were her ancestors as kings, and her brothers bore rule as princes.

How cruel was it for Rodolph, to fix his love on one whose hate or whose kindness would be equally fatal! for, by the laws of the country, Eliza could only be allied to her equals, and Rodolph could not boast of titled ancestry.

At length, impelled by love, and reckless of the consequence, Rodolph determined to avow his passion for the lovely maid.

Pity strongly pleaded in the breast of Eliza for the accomplished Rodolph: love succeeded pity; and their passion became mutual.

The roses revisited his cheeks;

the sparkling radiance of happiness beamed from his eyes. Love and joy conspired to make them happy: Peace spread her silver pinions over their hearts; and the hours rolled unheeded by, for they looked not beyond the present moment.

Thus passed away many days, on the fleet wings of pleasure. But, alas! how short is the duration of human felicity! how transitory is mortal happiness!

Like the vision of the morn, it fled; and nothing remained but horror: like the waves of the sea, it passed away; and left no traces be-

hind. Pleasure and Peace fled their abode; and Misery stalked round their dwelling.

Virtue is the parent of true felicity: pleasure, derived from any other source, is fleeting in its stay, and leaves a sting behind.

While the hearts of Rodolph and Eliza were innocent, they were happy; but when they sullied the pure flame, by giving way to the impulse of baser passions, the fairy scene dissolved, and all around was desolate and waste.

When the currents of the silver brooks were unloosed; when Nature

was decked in her gayest mantle; when the songsters of the groves resumed their melody, and the earth teemed with spring's sweet odours;—Rodolph and Eliza often enjoyed each other's converse, when half the creation slept, and Night and Darkness ruled the hemisphere.

But the prying eye of Curiosity discovered their intimacy; and the loves of Rodolph and Eliza were made known to her parent.....

Rage took possession of his soul: his dark intents were visible in his dilated eyes. He ordered the sword to be unsheathed, to cut short the

existence of Rodolph: and the deepest dungeon of his castle to be prepared for his daughter. But reflection stayed him from his dark purpose.—Should he act so, his child's conduct would be known; and the tongue of Scandal would increase the invidious tale.

Night, that shares with day the regency of the world, was chosen by the implacable parent to accomplish his plan of revenge. Rodolph—the unconscious, unsuspecting Rodolph—was seized, bound with heavy fetters, and conveyed on board a bark, which, hoisting her sails to the breeze,

was borne on the rising waves far from Albion's coast, with the frantic Rodolph, who was doomed never more to behold his native shores, or his much-adored Eliza.

When that lovely fair heard of the fate of her Rodolph, grief robbed her soul of rest; her lovely cheeks were despoiled of the tints of the rose; her eyes became two sluices for her tears.

She hung over the lovely child of Rodolph, whose smiling countenance brought more strongly to her recollection the features of his father.

"Gone for ever," said the weep-

ing fair-one, "are the fond delusive
"hopes of happiness, which once
"seemed to irradiate the scene be-
"fore me! the future will now be
"one scene of melancholy and black
"despair. Thou, poor fatherless
"babe! wilt witness the sorrows
"of my bosom. Oh, fatal curse of
"greatness! Had I been a peasant's
"offspring, I had now been happy:
"Rodolph would not have been the
"victim of his love; but free from the
"vengeance of a parent. In some cot,
"in some sequestered vale, our lives
"would have passed in tranquil do-
"mestic joys. But, now, O merci-

" ful Father! what will become of
" me! Speed, oh speed, the dis-
" solution of my tortured frame!
" Welcome will be the moment when
" my eyes are closed in death; when
" the world and all its cares will
" be buried in oblivion: perhaps
" then—O rapturous thought!—I
" shall meet my Rodolph in regions
" of celestial joys: there, no cruel
" laws will part us; but our souls,
" unconfined, will mingle in sweet
" converse, never more to part."

Thus, in unavailing plaints, mourned the hapless Eliza: the sun witnessed her sorrows, and the lucid

rays of the moon glittered in the tears which rolled down her pale cheeks.

Mourn, ye fair virgins of the isles, at the fate of these hapless lovers; invoke the saints in your morning orisons and evening vespers, that happiness may again dwell in their fond bosoms, and that they may be restored to each other's arms.

The prince sighed deeply, for he commiserated the sufferings of the lovely Eliza, and gladly would he have exerted his influence to procure her happiness; but it was out of human power, for the sorrows of the fond pair had long ceased. Death had given them immortality, and their kindred souls had rejoined each other in regions of unfading joys.

He now turned over to the following tale.—

THE

CHAPEL OF ST. CLOTHAIR.

The moon rolled brightly in the heavens, and Spring's sweet flowers impregnated the air with their fragrant odours: myriads of scintillating stars adorned the azure canopy of the world: Nature breathed peace and love; for even the warring passions of mankind were lulled to rest.

Such was the night. And as the pale lamp brightened the grey walls of the monastery of St. Clothair, it also illumined the cloisters, through which three people were passing on their way to the chapel.

One of them was a venerable father, belonging to the monastery; and the other two were, a female, supported by a handsome cavalier whose years appeared hardly to exceed half of those of his companion.

That their intents were such as shunned the enquiring eye of Day, the precautions they took seemed plainly to infer: the time of night,

when Nature reposes in all her wonderous works, and half the creation sleeps; and, as if that was not sufficient, they concealed their persons in large mantles.

The venerable monk, with his trembling hands, slowly opened the portal of the chapel, and admitted his companions.

The scene within was solemn. Streams of moonlight, penetrating the casements, gleamed on the marble tombs, and Gothic columns that supported the fretted roof, disclosing to the view the descriptive tablets which recorded to posterity

their mouldering inmates, who once, perhaps, proudly held the reins of empire: chiefs, who, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood, had once triumphed in arms: men, who excelled in those arts which humanize mankind: patriots, who died in their country's cause: and saints, who taught and led the way to heaven.

An impressive silence reigned within the chapel; but, as the monk and his followers gently paced the long-drawn aisles, their steps were whispered around by the attendant echoes.

The moon-beams reposed on the altar, rendering visible the sculptured semblance of the Saviour of the world. It was then the holy hour, when the full-orbed lamp of night, attaining the cloudless height of the starred concave, gives sign to the inhabitants of the world, that Religion's voice should plead to the listening ears of Heaven.

The monk, arriving at the altar, threw back his cowl and gazed on the heavens. A placid serenity was depicted in his venerable features; and he appeared, for a few short moments, to be abstracted from

worldly ideas, as he surveyed the starry canopy of this orb.

The bell of the monastery now tolled; the monk was disturbed from his contemplations by it; and, turning to the cavalier, he said, in a low voice:—

"The brethren will be here, my "son, in a short time, to perform "the midnight service; and, as "you say you wish concealment, "you had better retire to the cham- "ber you will discover at the ex- "tremity of yonder side-aisle: there "reflect, if the act you are now "about to perform, be not such

" as will war against your more ma-
" ture consideration; and whether,
" instigated at the present moment
" by your passions, you may not
" hereafter, when the impulse has
" ceased, when satiety succeeds en-
" joyment, wish, but in vain, to recall
" the past."

" Oh, no, father!" returned the cavalier impatiently; " never can
" I repent what will put me in pos-
" session of the loved idol of my af-
" fections—my adored Maria."

This said, he pressed the hand of the female, who heard not the converse of the monk, for he had

softly breathed his cautionary words into the ear of the cavalier.

Hastily the pair now retired along the aisle, for the approaching paces of the fathers of St. Clothair were heard in the corridores of the monastic pile.

The chapel now echoed to the full notes of religious harmony, which seemed to rise to heaven, on the wings of the gentle breeze which rustled amongst the foliage of the groves: the deep-toned voices of the fathers, joined to the softer notes of the sisterhood of St. Clothair, swelled together in solemn unison.

The stranger's heart seemed softened by the sounds: he tenderly pressed the hand of the female; while, standing at a low casement in the chamber, they viewed the soft tints of the nocturnal lamp, as it silvered the surrounding scenery.

"How sweet," said he, "does "the moon-light seem to repose on "the grey walls of the pile! Here, "adored idol of my existence! let "us stay, while the melody of the "religious strains creeps in our ears; "for soft stillness, and the night, "not only become the touches of "sweet harmony, but also inspire

" the bosom of the lover with that " fervency of adoration, which at " this moment enwraps my frame."...

But ambition, not love, occupied the bosom of the female; and she looked forward to the union, as the means of satiating that aspiring passion: for the cavalier was descended of an illustrious family, second to none in Italy. And, though she knew that the step they were about to take would not be sanctioned by the laws of the country; and that, in fact, the present intention of having the nuptial ceremony solemnised was scarcely better than

a cloak to prostitution; yet she looked forward to plans of a deep nature, and long ruminated on in her bosom.

The cavalier and herself professed not the same religion: he inherited the infidel notions of his ancestors, while hers was that of the holy church: her scheme was, therefore, at some future day, when death had released him from the trammels of parental authority, to prevail on him to change his mode of belief for hers; —this would, indeed, be a master-piece of policy, as by it her union would be rendered valid, and every

daring aim of her bosom would be within her accomplishment.

Such were the ruminations of the female; while the cavalier, innocent and unsuspicious, believed her heart, like his, trembling with love;—believed her sincere in her protestations: for hypocrisy is alone unveiled before the Almighty; the eyes of mankind cannot pierce its dark inclosure: and secure, therefore, from mortal ken, it triumphs in concealment.

The harmonious strains now ceased: the fathers left the chapel; and shortly after the monk, entering,

motioned the cavalier to join him; and when they were alone in the aisle, he thus spoke:—

"I bade you, ere last we parted, "my son, to reflect on the purport of "your coming here; and, since I "saw you, my mind has not been "so wholly occupied by my religious "duties as entirely to exclude you "from my thoughts. Confide in "my faithful bosom the reason that "has made you thus secret in the "solemnisation of your union; and "let the collected experience of years "advise you in what is best.....I like "not that female, my son; she

" seems devoid of that greatest of
" charms, modesty: her wanton spi-
" rits are pourtrayed in her eyes,
" her cheeks, her lips. Beware of
" those encounterers, who give a
" welcome, and widely unclasp the
" tables of their thoughts, to every
" ticklish reader: set them down for
" sluttish spoils of opportunity.—
" Nay, be not offended, my son,"
continued the monk, for the moon's
pale beams shewed the cavalier's
countenance much agitated; " I am
" interested for your good; and,
" should my speech be rude, at-
" tribute it to that. You are young,

" in the fair morning of life, when
" the passions exert their sway over
" the better senses of mankind:
" Youth and Pleasure impel you
" wherever they choose, and you
" blindly follow their dictates, re-
" gardless of the storm that, now
" hushed in grim repose, awaits you
" as its destined prey. I may be
" wrong, my son, and I pray the
" saints that my anticipations may
" never be realised: but your youth,
" when compared with the years of
" the female, will ill insure a con-
" tinuation of happiness;—and dear
" may be the purchase of a short-

" lived gratification. What shall it
" profit us that we derive from Hea-
" ven an immortal soul, if, like the
" brutal kind, we follow where our
" passions lead the way?"—

" I cannot but acknowledge your
" goodness, father," returned the ca-valier, interrupting the monk; " but
" you are wrong in your suspicions
" respecting the loved idol of my
" soul: believe me, she is chaste
" as the pendent icicle, which, cur-
" dled by the frost from purest snow,
" hangs on Diana's fane. It is true
" I am young, but youth is the
" season of love; and, if the out-

" rageous passions of mankind exist
" then in their full force, surely, fa-
" ther, you will allow some existence
" also to our virtuous propensities,
" which may enable us to counteract
" their baleful effects. The errors of
" youth are the general outcry of age:
" they figure them as a vessel in a
" storm, without a helm to guide its
" dangerous course; but yet we find,
" father, that many, by exerting their
" prudence, escape all these storms:
" —yourself, for instance, is an ex-
" ample of it. Fear not, father, that
" I shall repent of my present pur-
" pose, or that the age of her I love

" will ever be a hinderance to my " happiness.—Oh, no! my affection " smiles at every obstacle which busy " invention can picture to my view, " to warn me against the union, and " quickly surmounting them, urges " me more strongly to my purpose."

The monk smiled at the compliment paid him by the cavalier; —for what age is insensible to the charms of flattery?

" I have only done my duty, my " son," said he; " I have given you " a father's counsel. I am now ready " to oblige you as far as I am able: " conduct, therefore, your fair com-

" panion to the altar, and may the " blessing of Heaven accompany our " deeds !"

The cavalier flew back to the chamber, and soon returned, leading her along the grand aisle toward the altar, where the monk stood ready to officiate.

. . . . . .

Here the prince started, sighed, and, for a few moments, was involved in painful ruminations. Whether it was that the scene he was now

reading recalled to his mind some past acts of his youth, or that he pitied the cavalier for his inconsiderate conduct, is uncertain: he, however, closed the book, walked about his chamber, and smote his forehead.

At length, however, he recovered himself, sat down again, took up the manuscript, but hastily turned over the page he had been perusing,

"- - - - - - I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that, presently,
They have proclaimed their malefactions:
For *ill deeds*, though they have no tongue,
will speak
With most miraculous organ."

The prince now commenced at the following paragraph.—

. . . . . .

Could the writer of these pages decend to sully them with the secret whisperings of Malice or Scandal, which have often been breathed against the reputation of this wary female, part of whose dark schemes had thus met with success, the register of her actions would too much increase the roll, and the detail would be disgusting to those who are sensible of the charms of virtue.—

But he disdains a task which could only give pleasure to the depraved.

Let, then, her former actions be unnoticed: let no pen call to light circumstances which happily may then sink into forgetfulness.

Oh, what a world is this! abounding with creatures who, each moment tasting of the bounty of their Maker, each moment act contrary to his pleasure, and rebel against his high commands. Avarice and prodigality; feigned devotion, zealous only in the commission of crimes;

licensed ills; venal faith; flattered guilt, and such inverted laws:—in fact, such utter dissolution of all good, makes the world appear but as a chaos of mankind.

Maria, when young, was handsome, of a good family, and much care had been taken with her education; which had not been misapplied: she excelled most females of her age in those pleasing accomplishments which we admire, and which captivate our hearts.

She was united, at an early age, to one of the king's officers, who,

dying, left her in the possession of an ample fortune; and, for some time, she was respected and esteemed by the world.

But her conduct with the cavalier too clearly evinced that her virtue was not proof against temptation: neither has it the common gloss of love to sanction it; for she often declared that she never felt the least personal attachment whatever to him. If so, she must have been actuated by the restless spirit of ambition, in yielding up herself to his hot desires.—

O dire Ambition! what infernal power unchained thee from thy native depths of hell, to stalk the earth, with thy accursed train, Murder and Lust, to waste domestic peace, and every heartfelt joy?—

Her acquaintance with the cavalier took place when her years should have warned her to make her peace with Heaven, rather than aggravate its wrath by fresh offenses: for though the world may acquit her, when they recall to their recollection the night in the chapel of St. Clothair, yet the Almighty, who can

pierce the deepest recesses of the human heart, will not; for well He knows the foul motives which influenced her conduct.

When states and empires, in times far removed from the barbarity of the present, come to the knowledge of these records;—if, indeed, they should not, like the hand which now traces them, be mouldered away;—how will they start when they hear of one which could permit such deeds! and whose counsellors should consent to allow, from the taxes which were wrung from the

poor peasants, the enormous annual sum of five thousand marks to the female!—For what?—

"Oh! 'tis shameful indeed!"....

The cavalier had elegant residences erected for her; from one of which there was a secret communication with his own. No luxuries that the world could furnish were denied her; it was ransacked to amuse her caprice, or satiate her avarice. No expenses were thought too much:.... but whence were the sources from which the enormous sums of money proceeded, which answered these continual demands?....

The pen cannot trace the horrid truth!—

The illumined mind of man, penetrating the dark haunts of superstition, no longer believes in the potency of fascinations: the mist, which has so long obscured human reason, is now faded away; or well, indeed, might the world imagine the cavalier to be under the spells of some fiend, who, causing the virtuous emotions of his bosom to lie dormant, awoke only those which were instigated by the baser passions, and by which his deportment was unfortunately actuated:

he was like a man in a hideous dream, who, without the aid of his senses, commits the most depraved acts.

Such, indeed, was in part the situation of the cavalier: for, though not under the influence of the demons of darkness, he was flattered into the propriety of his actions by fiends in human shape, who sought to cover their own enormities, by making him as culpable as themselves: —too fatally their specious arts succeeded!

Such, indeed, is the only excuse that can be offered for his conduct;

though his listening to them exhibits a most unfortunate proof of the weakness of human nature.

But, alas! the delusion under which the cavalier laboured, was soon to vanish: he was soon to awake from his dream; was soon to experience the horrors of an accusing conscience!

" Oh, coward conscience, how dost thou
afflict me!....
---- Alas! I hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.....
-------- Do not flatter me:
My conscience hath a thousand several
tongues,
And ev'ry tongue brings in a several tale,
And ev'ry tale condemns me for a ----.
---------- Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair.---There is no creature loves
me;
And, if I die, no soul shall pity me.---
Nay, wherefore should they? since that
I myself
Find in myself no pity for myself!"

Similar was the situation of the cavalier: in all his pursuits after happiness, he had been disappointed; and the fruit of his researches was the goading sting of an accusing conscience.

.....

The cavalier's father, unconscious of the deeds of his son, now urged his union with the daughter of a neighbouring potentate.

Dreadful, indeed, was his situation: unused to deceit, he now

found that he must dissemble, and even commit fresh offenses, to conceal from the world his ill-advised proceedings.—

Thus does one false step produce another: and in committing a guilty deed, we step on a quicksand, which may give way, and overwhelm us beyond the possibility of ever extricating ourselves.—

In vain did the cavalier remonstrate against the orders of his father; —in vain did he declare, that, having never seen his intended bride, he could not love her: his remon-

strances were of no avail; motives of state and interest rendered the union necessary. Though those in private life may consult their own inclinations, yet those possessed of sovereignty cannot follow the wishes of their hearts: there is a haughty duty that subjects them to chains of state, to wed the public welfare, and not indulge their tender private virtues: and the unfortunate cavalier was, at length, obliged to consent to be united to the amiable Carlina.

Perhaps Italy did not produce a more accomplished female. Her form captivated, and her manners

delighted, every one: her countenance was lovely and expressive and her mien so soft, and so gentle, that she was beloved, by all who knew her, with a degree of enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet.

Romantic in her manners, she loved to wander for hours on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream; accompanying the notes of her lute with songs, which expressed her heart but ill at rest.

She scarcely dared to reflect on the subject which so constantly occupied her thoughts—for it was love;

which, possessing her heart, rendered the gay scenes of her father's palace hateful to her; rendered society unpleasant, as it prevented her from ruminating on the object of her love.

Carlina had heard much of the accomplished cavalier; and possessed an accurate likeness of him, which was drawn by an Italian painter.

Often did she stand gazing for hours on that painting: often, as recollection assailed her bosom, did she turn from it; while her face,

suffused in blushes, evinced the effect it had on her heart.

To her, the approaching nuptials were looked forward to as a season of rapture: for the dislike and repugnance of the cavalier to enter into the solemn engagement, were studiously kept from her knowledge; and her fond hopes depicted him equally anxious with herself for the union.

Alas! that unhappy man was not ignorant of the engagements he had already made;—was not ignorant that, though he might be acquitted

by men, yet by the all-searching eyes of Heaven he would be regarded as a guilty, perjured being.

Alas! his imprudent conduct had not left him the power to retreat:—his extravagance had involved him in debts far beyond his power to liquidate:—and daily was he tortured by recapitulations of the wants and distresses of his creditors; daily did he hear the low deep-breathed curse on his head, as the griping hand of Poverty wrung from the bosoms of the people the remembrance of the duty they owed him.

Such was the situation of the

cavalier: whose bosom, fraught with every principle of honour—though, indeed, those principles had long lain dormant—now began to throb with agony, as he reflected on the consequences of his extravagance, and saw, too, that the only way in which he could render justice to his creditors, was by devoting his future days to the misery of an accusing conscience.

Dreadful as the alternative was, he was obliged to accept it: and now he tremblingly looked forward to the dreaded day of his nuptials; and daily practised himself in deceit, to enable him to act the part of a

happy man :—but often, as remembrance tortured him, the smile he had formed, to delude the prying eyes of those about him, as to the real situation of his heart, instantly departed his lips, driven thence by the deep sigh that was drawn from his tortured bosom.

Far different was the situation of Carlina. To her, Nature seemed dressed in her gayest livery ; the song of the groves appeared more animated ; her heart beat high with anticipations of promised happiness. —O dearly-bought content !

Nothing, she then thought, could

destroy the seraphic delights of her bosom. But, alas! she soon found that the peace she then felt, though it may perchance sometimes visit, yet resides not in a court. Remote from palaces, midst flowery vales and rural shades, where Nature dwells in the unsophisticated hearts of mankind, there she keeps her constant dwelling, shunning the pomp and folly of the world.

Alas! in the giddy throng, how are all the tender, softer passions, which humanize mankind, perverted! Even love, the greatest earthly blessing, is become a very bitterness of

soul; a pensive anguish, sickening at the heart; or a slave to sordid interest: no longer feels that noble wish, that never-cloyed desire, which, disdaining selfish joys, seeks alone to bless the object of its flame.

Beneath the horizon, darkly clustered the stormy clouds, which soon would lour over her: she saw them not, though stationed on the high pinnacle to which her promised hopes had elevated her. They arose not yet to her view: not a cloud obscured the brightness of the scene: the breath of Heaven, untainted as

yet by foul calumnies, refreshed her with its fragrance.

Alas! she was ignorant how soon she would sink beneath its baleful effects—how soon the roses on her cheeks would be blanched by its pestiferous gales!

Had the cavalier been sincere, a life of anguish had been spared her.—

Sincerity, thou first of virtues! let no mortal leave thy onward path, even though Destruction should endeavour to impel you to take Dissimulation's crooked way:—rather

perish, than seek to preserve existence at the expense of another's happiness.—

Carlina now proceeded, according to the custom of the country, to meet her destined husband, attended by all the flattering train of hopes her sanguine expectations had excited.

She beheld, and found the original far excelled the copy; and Carlina was the happiest of women. Alas! she too soon found that but a gay title to the deepest misery.

The union was solemnised with

regal splendour: the tables groaned beneath the weight of the rich repast: a hundred barons sat by the sides of a hundred beauteous dames, arrayed in all the proud magnificence of dress: the vast hall, illumined with a thousand tapers, exceeded even meridian splendour.

The cavalier ill strove to conceal the anguish of his heart; in vain did he seek to drown painful recollections, by draining the contents of his copious goblet: still he was unable to banish the stings of conscience, which, like a haggard spectre, attended his steps, presenting itself to his view in

his most joyous moments, blasting his felicity, and deeply plunging its sharp fangs in his heart.

The time approached for the performance of the ceremony. The cavalier seized, with an agitated grasp, the trembling hand of Carlina, and led her to the altar. All present beheld his agony; all pitied him: but the die of his fate was cast, and Carlina's misery was sealed—for the ceremony was performed.

Again did the cavalier resort to the mirth-inspiring bowl; and long did he endeavour to banish the tortures of his soul:—vain were his ex-

ertions. The midnight hour arrived, but the cavalier went not to his lovely bride, till, wearied by the frequent importunities of his friends, he staggered to her chamber.

Though the fumes of the ruby-coloured draught had communicated their intoxicating effects to his body, yet reason still remained, and the cavalier was conscious of his situation —was conscious of the past.

He entered her chamber, and, drawing aside the silken drapery which veiled the couch, beheld Carlina sleeping.

The crimson tints of Modesty

had not been removed by the influence of the drowsy deity; her rosy cheek was reclined on her snowy arm, which, by sweet contrast, heightened the beauties of both: a smile seemed trembling on her lips, caused, perhaps, by her happy dreams.

The cavalier sighed.—

"Sleep on, sweet maid!" said he; "enjoy thy happy slumbers "—perhaps the last thou wilt know! "Heaven is witness to the pangs I "feel; but, commanded by im- "perious duty, I am constrained to "act far different from the dictates

" of my bosom. Be it, however, my
" care to make thee happy;—to hide
" from thee the extent of thy woe.
" Haply, perhaps, thou mayst never
" know it; and those lips may never
" tremble to thy sighs, or those eyes
" become the sluices of thy sorrow.
" .....Still thou sleepest!
" Enjoy the honey dew of slumber,
" while as yet no fantasies, which
" busy Care engenders in the brain,
" disturb thy repose. Would I could
" close my eyes! but seldom does
" sleep pay its visit to me. In that
" lovely temple, sure nothing ill can
" dwell: all good will strive to in-

" habit it. Alas! in this world, be
" we chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
" we cannot escape calumny....Night,
" befriend me! in thy murky veil
" hide those emotions of my bosom,
" which too surely will speak in my
" features."

Such were the distracted ruminations of the cavalier when in Carlina's chamber. He sighed deeply, and, extinguishing the taper, was going to seek repose by her side: but, alas! the horrors of his conscience were more than he was able to support; and ere the early harbinger of morn had proclaimed the

return of day, he left Carlina to her reflections on his conduct.

Each succeeding day witnessed the increasing misery of the cavalier; and each succeeding hour, the increasing grief of Carlina. Busy report soon brought to her ears the situation of her husband, and she thought she beheld the extent of her calamity. Alas! there she found herself cruelly deceived, and that the measure of her woes was not yet filled up!

Men of high birth and of great possessions are too often surrounded by a set of needy parasites, whose

debased minds will stoop to the commitment of any act, however atrocious, from the hopes of gain. These men saw the grief of the cavalier: they knew its source, and, in a luckless moment, proposed among themselves a plan by which he could rid himself of the cause.

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason, when his heart, pure and virtuous, urges him to exert that reason! How infinite in faculties! —but, alas! how often are those faculties perverted to the vilest of purposes!

Foul reports were now breathed into the world of Carlina's infidelity.

A lovely infant, she bore to the cavalier, was stated to be the spurious offspring of a peasant: but the world was not to be so deceived; they pitied the hapless Carlina; for they saw through the dark intents of her enemies.

Oh, what treacherous, base, deceitful beings were those men, that could thus endeavour to steal away the character of a helpless female; unprotected, but by a consciousness of her innocence; among strangers, far from her relatives, without one friend, in whose commiserating bosom her heart, bleeding with her

wrongs, could disclose itself, and be soothed with the healing tear that listening Pity would drop upon the wound! For it is only the soul that, being conscious of some base deed, smote with inbred horror, shrinks back into itself.

And what excuse shall we find for the cavalier, who could thus, in a manner, countenance those foul calumnies; and, taking advantage of them, leave the unfortunate Carlina, banish her his presence, and return to the witcheries of Maria?—Yes, there is one excuse—

THE CHAPEL OF ST. CLOTHAIR!

Still, however, he might have satisfied his conscience, without making Carlina an object for the slow-moving finger of Scorn to point at—without allowing her to be made infamous in the eyes of the world.

Was it like a man? Was it like one who had so often given proofs of a heart and sentiments beyond mankind?—

"Oh, what a falling-off was there!"

The purest treasure mortal times afford, is a spotless reputation: it is the immediate jewel of the soul; and

when that is taken away, oh, how poor, how abject is that soul!

Carlina, in retirement, mourned all the horrors of her fate: still, however, there was one comfort left her, which the ruthless advisers of the cavalier had not yet thought to deprive her of, and that was—her infant. In its endearing society she endeavoured to console herself for her sad reverse of fortune, and even began to consider her being traduced by ignorant and designing tongues, as the fiery ordeal that virtue must go through.

She, however, determined to see her misguided husband, and endeavour to convince him of her innocence, in justice to herself.

She saw him, and her bosom, fluctuating between love and resentment, so disturbed her delicate frame, that for a time she was almost speechless. At length, however, with a tembling voice, she said:

"Alas! in what have I offended "you? What has there been in my "conduct which should cause you to "put me off, and take your favour "from me? Heaven is my witness

" that I have been to you a true
" and humble wife. When was the
" hour I ever contradicted your
" wishes, and made them not mine
" too? Which of your friends have
" I not strove to love, although I
" knew that friend to be my enemy?
" Oh, if you can prove any thing
" against my honour, or my love
" and duty to your person, in God's
" name turn me away; and let not
" only the foulest contempt be
" heaped on me, but let me be
" delivered to the sharpest kind of
" justice. Heaven is my witness
" I have ever most sincerely loved

" you: and Heaven is witness to my
" fidelity. Oh! then banish me not
" your presence, but let my dear
" babe be the mediator between us.
" If you cannot love me, at least
" protect me from the infamy which
" is heaped on me, and embitters all
" my hours."....

Poisoned by the advice of his venal counsellors, the cavalier scarcely deigned to listen to the speech of his unfortunate wife; and, without giving any answer, quitted the apartment; though, half-relenting in his mind, half-persuaded of her innocence, he was almost tempted to

return, and take the dear mourner to his arms, and strive to make her amends for his cruel conduct; but, in that moment, he met with one of his ill-advisers, who, perceiving the conflict of his bosom, endeavoured to prejudice him against Carlina.—

"She," said the fiend, "is but "the sign and semblance of her ho- "nour: she knows the amiable "weakness of your heart; she seeks "to advantage herself of it, and to "make you her dupe.....Oh! how "cunning is sin! what authority, "what shew of truth, does it as-

" sume! How easily does she call " the blood into her cheeks, as a " modest evidence of her virtue!— " but believe it not; it is the blush " of guilt."

By such language was the cavalier persuaded, against the conviction of his better senses: and Carlina returned, hopeless and miserable, to her humble abode, where she had resided during her exile, and where she brought up her infant, which daily increased in beauty, and, notwithstanding the cruelty of its father, became dearer to her heart every hour.

But the arch-enemy of man, in-

stigating the cavalier's advisers, now made a thought worthy of himself enter their bosoms, as a second blow to the happiness of Carlina.—

Under the pretence of her improper conduct, they insinuated to him, that, if the child really were his, he ought to remove it from her, as her licentious manners could not fail to influence its morals.....

Their schemes were listened to; their plots succeeded;—and Carlina became childless!

In after-ages, when men shall hear of the deeds of their ancestors, how will they start with horror at

these details! how will the heart, endued with humanity, feel for the poor unfortunate, innocent, and oppressed mother! The dove will peck the hand that injures its young: but Carlina thought not of revenge; her sorrows wholly occupied her bosom.

The mother who, with her infant smiling in her arms, or nestling in the beauties of her bosom, reads these pages, will press her babe still closer to her, while a glistening tear shall roll down her cheeks, at the thoughts of the misery she would endure at being separated from her infant.

Nor shall the moisture of humanity be confined to selfish considerations: for, while reflecting on the unfortunate Carlina, and blessing Heaven that such dark deeds were then unknown, the sigh of sympathy and tear of commiseration shall flow, as busy fancy pourtrays to the mind her cruel sufferings.

.....

Here the prince sighed deeply; for his compassion was roused by

the tale: and for some time he ceased the perusal. Many amiable sensations were excited in his bosom by it: he thought, if he were a father, if he had been united to a woman of worth and virtue, like Carlina, how happy he would have been!—how he would have cherished her and his dear babe! A glow of happiness flushed his cheeks, as he anticipated the domestic comforts which he hoped one day to enjoy: all the soft ideas of a father rose in his bosom; and, with them, the charms attendant on a virtuous life.

His anger, his pity, were roused, when he reflected on the conduct of the cavalier.—

Anger, that he should have allowed himself to be imposed on by a set of base dependants; and that he should so far forget his dignity, as not to spurn them from him with that contempt they deserved....

And he pitied him, because he too plainly saw that, wanting either the power or wish to extricate himself, he was the victim to the delusive arts of a dark, scheming female.

.....

" Lovely Carlina—far lovelier in " thy woes—quit, oh! quit, the " cypress groves; nor tune your sad " complaint to the lonely moanings " of the winding rivulets: let virtue " guide you, and your steps shall be " safe, even amidst the haunts of " fierce and barbarous man."

Such were the words which the few friends of Carlina uttered before her: but she was sick of the world; No longer did a smile illumine her wan cheeks; for her disappointment in her fairy hopes of happiness, had driven comfort from her bosom.

The world seemed to her to be

peopled with beings far more ferocious than the bestial race; for these protect their species: but man, more savage, preys on his own, marks them for his destruction, and—glories in his deeds.....

Her fond maternal feelings were excited by a tale of the domestic misery of a peasant's family: she felt for their situation; and, in order to relieve them, and also, perhaps, to fill up the vacancy in her heart occasioned by the loss of her child, took one of the peasant's offspring under her protection. That she might discharge the duties she had

imposed on herself to her own satisfaction, the child was nurtured under her immediate inspection; and ofttimes for it would she deign to perform the tender offices of a nurse.

No sooner was this known, than the enemies of the unfortunate Carlina, and the false friends of the cavalier, began to spread about reports to her dishonour; stating, that the infant she was protecting was her own, accompanying the invidious tale with black inventions of their malicious hearts, which would sully these pages to relate.

An enquiry was set on foot.—

But here her enemies were disappointed: for all enquiries respecting her conduct could only end in proving her innocence; and, like the ore in the hands of the refiner, the more it is tried the more its lustre and value increase,—so rose Carlina from the charge, proving to the world that men who make envy and crooked malice their nourishment, always attack the best and most virtuous.

Reports, in loud whispers, spoke this last act as instigated by the wily arts of Maria, with whom the

cavalier had long resumed his intimacy: if, indeed, it was so, terrible to that female will be that dreadful day when she is summoned to render up an account of her deeds of life!....

From the world, the circumstances which transpired at that most invidious enquiry were studiously kept concealed: the actors in the base scene were, no doubt, ashamed of their conduct: Carlina's innocence, however, was declared; but mystery has enveloped all besides.

Still, however, Carlina was deprived of her infant; and her hus-

band still continued his intercourse with the enchantress—still embraced his misery.

Oh! soon may the charm dissolve! and, as the morning beams chase away the shades of night, so may the rising senses of the cavalier chase away the ignorant fumes that have mantled his clearer reason!

. . . . . .

"I'll read no more!" exclaimed the prince, as he hastily cast aside the manuscript. "These monks, in

" the seclusion of their cells, frame
" instances of human depravity which
" have only existence in their dis-
" tempered ideas: never could a man
" be so blind to the villany of his
" interested advisers, as the cavalier
" is represented! at least, I will be
" of that opinion—FOR THE HO-
" NOUR OF HUMAN NATURE."

.....

To conclude.—The prince, now no longer the dupe of his enemies, no longer blind to his own defects, falsified the fears of the people :—

"And, like bright metals on a sullen ground,
His reformation, glitt'ring o'er his fault,
Did shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off."

THE END.

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